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From the C[illegible]

THE BLOODY DELL.

BY MISS HANNAH M. GOULD.

I was a child. I loved to roam about,
And search the meadow for wild strawberries;
To pluck bright cowslip flowers, and from the brook
With the dead limb of some old fallen tree,
To hook the water-lily. I was pleased
To watch the gambol of the snowy lamb
About the pasture; spattered here and there,
With tufts of blue-berry and whortle shrubs:—
To fill my little basket with their fruits,
And see the ground-bird darting from her nest,
Close at my feet, leaving her humble cell
With its smooth, speckled treasures all exposed,
And with her gentle bosom still on them,
I could not then have robbed it, had they been
All diamonds as large.
I used to lean
Against the mossy rock, and pick apart
Its soft green velvet cushion, wondering
What He, who wove each little fibre there,
Yet built the hills, and spread the shining skies—
What He could be; and how, and where He lived.
* * * * * * *
These were the scenes of innocence and peace.
But I remember what a tale was told
About a spot a little farther on,
Which, for the crime whose deadly stain it bore,
Was called the Bloody Dell.
Upon the edge
Of a dark wood, three little hillocks met,
And at their feet, a shadowy basin formed.
And here it was, that, many years before,
The suicide, afraid to face the ills
Of this short life, retired to break the laws
Of God and Nature; and to do the deed
That sent his spirit reeking with the guilt
Of self-destruction, to her Maker's throne.
The story went, that, where with serpent wind,
Upon the verdant turf, the blood coursed round,
And then sunk down, it left a withering curse!—
That not a shrub, nor flower, nor blade of grass
Had since been known to shoot upon its path.
Which now was scathed as 'twere the lightning's track.
'Twas said that when the sunbeams reached the dell,
They trembled, and looked pale; and that the moon
Withheld her lustre from the sullied spot.
While from the wood, whose echo once, had mocked
The lone one's dying groan, a dismal bird
Would come, and with nocturnal screams keep up
The story of the stain.
Such things I heard,
(Poor human nature! still thy frailty leads
To seek for truths we fain would never know,)
And oft I longed to know if they were *true*.

One summer afternoon, my mates and I
Talked o'er these stories; and our baskets filled
With berries, set them down beneath the brakes,
And, joining hands to give each other heart,
Set off, when we had screwed our courage up,
To take a peep at the accursed spot.
I well remember how we huddled on,
Each shunning to be outmost of the band,
While every twig, old nut-shell, or dry leaf
That cracked beneath our feet, made fearful sound,
And seemed to raise a spectre at our sides.
Upon our left, was heard the rustling skirt
Of a pine forest; and along the right,
Lay a green meadow with a gurgling stream
Whose under voices seemed like gibbering sprites,
That spoke mysterious things.
The grazing herd,
When they beheld the dubious way we took,
Looked wild and shook their heads and snuffed the air
As if it smelt of blood; and dolefully
Bellowed to call us back. Beside the hedge,
The colt tossed up his undressed mane, and neighed,
And pawed the ground, and whirled and threw his heels
At something still invisible to us.
All had strange import. E'en the grasshopper
Leapt up and smote us with his horny limbs
Upon the cheek, to turn our steps aside,
For they were tending to the bloody dell?
But on we ventured over brook and briar—
O'er knoll and cradle, till we found ourselves
Grouped in the dismal basin, o'er its stain.
Time from my mem'ry ne'er will wipe the mark
Which that first view, that still has been the last,
On my young mind impressed. For, while the herb
On either side was fresh and beautiful,
The place whereon the veins were emptied, lay
Smitten with barrenness. A latent fire
Was in the soil consuming every root.
While congregated horrors filled the dell,
By our quick fancies rallied, all was still
And motionless, save where the quivering shade
Fell from a trembling poplar.
We were here,
Upon the very spot whose name alone,
In our young minds had often conjured up
Such frightful fantasies. I now recalled
What I had heard an aged peasant tell—
How he was looking for a missing lamb,
And, by the bleating of its mother, drawn
To this lone place, he found the lifeless form
Of one poor lamb that had so widely strayed
From the good shepherd's fold, and stained his fleece
So deep with crimson, that he feared the tears
Of mercy could not wash it white again.
At thoughts like these, our little hearts beat loud.
Our lips were sealed, and turning suddenly,
We fled, light-footed, out of breath and pale,
To an old man, whose cottage we had passed,
And who was in his garden plucking pinks;
And gathering saffron, chamomile and balm.
"*Afraid*, my children?" said the aged sire,
"And, what is there for innocence to fear?
"The wicked flee when none pursues; but he
"Who fears to do what Heaven will disapprove,
"Hath nothing more to dread. Bear this in mind
"Till your dark locks are thinned, and white as mine!
"Come, here's a posey for each one of you
"Who will remember what the old man said."
I took the pledge; and that sweet bunch of flowers
Unceasing odours o'er my life was shed.
'Tis many a year since he who gathered them,
Forsook his little garden spot below,
And went to breathe the Balm of Gilead;
Yet when I'd fix on the best cure for fear,
I think of father Allan, as he stood
Amid the lupines, violets and pinks—
I hear his words, when, like a frighted brood,
That seek their mother's wings, we fled to him;
I feel the very breeze that fanned my cheek,
And threw apart my locks, and dried the damp
That horror brought upon my infant brow.
I wonder why I ran—I kiss my flowers—
I am a child again.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THOSE SPARKLING EYES.

Nature, with her fairy finger,
Never gave the blushing rose
Tints so warm as those which linger
Where thy lovely cheeks repose.

Toiling slaves, of freedom dreaming,
Never drew from eastern mine
Diamonds half so brightly beaming
As those sparkling eyes of thine. C. B. B.

From the Comic Offering, or Ladies' Melange for 1832.

THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

In the dullest part of the dullest county in England, is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of ———; bless me!—I was almost betrayed by the mere force of habit, into the imprudence of calling it by its name———

Once upon a time there happened to the said little town, a very dull bathing season—every town on the coast beside was full of company; bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers, and peddle-gatherers; yet the luckless town of ——— was comparatively empty. Huge placards, with 'lodgings to let,' stared every body in the face, from every window, in every direction. Things of course were very flat; all ranks of people were malcontent. The shopkeepers were croaking—the proprietors of lodging houses in despair; and the few visitors who had ventured thither in hopes of making pleasant acquaintances, and dissipating their dullness, were sick of *ennui*. As for that class of incurables, the resident inhabitants, they, for want of better amusement, applied themselves with redoubled ardour to their favorite winter recreations of cards, and the most inveterate scandal of each other.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at ———, when, one very hot day in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that worthy town-corporate. In the dearth of any thing in the news or variety which was felt so sensibly at ———, the arrival of a stranger would have been considered a seasonable mercy, could he have been approached without the direful risk of contaminating gentility by bringing it in contact with something beneath it. But this stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castes in ——— stood aloof, holding themselves a peg above him. Even the shop-keepers, mantua-makers, and waiters at the taverns, felt their noses curl up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the few fashionables that were to be seen in the streets, cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, and attired in a coat, waistcoat, and in short, a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style; he wore huge sea boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief, at the end of a stout oak cudgel over his shoulder.

Such was his dress; yet to close observers of character, there was something wholly out of the common way about the lonely pedestrian. There was that expression of cool determined courage in his large grey eyes, that whatever might be the prevailing sentiments of the community towards him, few would have been bold enough to offer him actual insult, even if he had not grasped so substantial a weapon of offence and defence as the above-mentioned stout oaken cudgel, in a hand that betokened such weight of bone, and power of muscle.

"I'll warrant me, Jack, that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his ship-mates, who was intently surveying the stranger."

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a singular look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

"He's a rum sort of a fish, howsomever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore; he don't look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him, Jack?"

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; "but I ha'n't sailed so many years in the king's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, or another's too, on occasion!"

"I'd wager, then, this odd genus is some rascally smuggler that you have fallen alongside of, who has given you a gallon of Dutch gin, to bribe you to be mum, when you see him—and I wouldn't mind betting a pint that this 'ere bundle of his is full of Injee handkerchers, that he has runned ashore, and has now to sell. I'll just step up, and ax him for the first sight of 'em for I wants a good un."

"I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist, before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The air of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle, and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders as a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one; people who would not own to themselves that they thought him worth looking at once, nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

The first step he took was to search for lodgings; but those though readily found, were not so easily obtained. It was in vain that he applied to the proprietors of every lodging house; it seemed as though he carried a bill of exclusion in his face; people shut their doors on his approach, and from the genteel marine villa to the most paltry cabin, he could not find a roof that would afford shelter to him and his bundle. The innkeepers were equally inexorable; and it appeared doubtful whether he would be permitted to rest the sole of his foot in the hospitable town of ———.

Our pedestrian might have despaired even of obtaining a night's lodging in a place where the tide of popular opinion seemed to set so dead against him; but he was no sentimental novice; he had passed the meridian of life, and was too well acquainted with mankind not to know that while he could call to his aid a few of those potent little magicians, called sovereigns, (and most despotic sovereigns they are) he could ensure himself any thing he pleased in the little corporation. In fact, the prudential doubts of its inhabitants, as to the probability of his carrying any metal of that shape and color in the queerly cut pockets of his threadbare pepper-and-salts, was the whole and sole cause of his cool reception.

The witness of a sovereign—to which the stranger as a dernier resort appealed—procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading room.

"It is no use putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the pert superintendent of this place of fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir; we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description!" repeated the stranger, most emphatically grasping his trusty cudgel, "and pray sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

Can't exactly say, sir, but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never, on no account, admit persons of your description."

"But, it seems, you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep those sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about who I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in every body's mouth before breakfast!"

"And what does that important personage, every body, say?"

"Oh, sir, that you are a broken down miller, hiding from his creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the thread-bare pepper-and-salts of the stranger. The stranger regarded him for a moment, with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow, and then walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade, and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of those important people who had, from time immemorial, invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons in the place. It is hardly possible to suppose such people would condescend to exchange a few remarks with a stranger, of whom the only particulars known were, that he trudged into town carrying his own bundle, wore a thread-bare suit of pepper-and salts, and slept at the Golden Lion.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little ——— evinced for his society, the stranger proceeded to make himself as much at home on the bench as if it had been his inheritance. He drew from his pocket a box with an apparatus for igniting a match, lighted a cigar, and smoked for some time with great apparent relish.

At length perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous, though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who rose, alarmed at the liberty the pepper-and-salt colored man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right: I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon, and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants of ———, that it was no spot for a friendly unknown individual to pitch his tent in, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavors to find some liberal-minded person therein; yet, from the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception. Nay, worse reports still than being a bankrupt miller got afloat.

Mine hostess of the Golden Lion served up these *on dits* with all their variations and accompaniments to her guest at his meals, protesting in the true tone of all dealers in such matters, her total disbelief in every thing that was said to the prejudice of her guest—a guest who showed so much good taste as to prefer her house, and sufficient honesty to pay for every thing before he consumed it—which to be sure, she prudently added, was the way in which business was always carried on at the Golden Lion.

"I wonder, then, Mrs. Pagan, that you should do so unhandsome a thing by Jack Smith, Tom Balls, and some dozen other of your customers, as to chalk up such enormous scores against them as these, said the stranger, drily, pointing with his oak stick to the hieroglyphics with which the bar was graced.

"Why, sir, to be sure, these be all 'sponsible persons," stammered Betty Pagan. Her guest muttered to himself as he passed into the street—

"Rather hard that my credit should be worse than that of Jack Smith, and Tom Balls, and the rest of Betty Pagan's customers. Faith, I must be a most suspicious looking fellow! To be sure reports like these are of a nature to give a death-blow to my vanity, if that were a failing to be cured by mortification. I am an ugly dog, I am aware, but I did not know that my phiz was ill-looking enough to indicate an old smuggler, a broken down miller, (but for that the pepper-and-salts may be thanked) a fraudulent bankrupt, hiding up from his creditors, a returned convict, and a man who, having married three wives, has run away from them all!"

The habitual good temper, and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip shop, the Post Office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom, all the towns-people who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the Post Office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbors, and obtain, if possible, some clue whereby to guess their contents—either from observations of hands, or seals, or haply from the expression of the countenances of the recipients, or some hint or exclamation during perusal.

The unclaimed letter was of a most tempting appearance, sealed, surmounted with a coronet—to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A—— B——, and franked by the Duke of A——. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. The most noble duke evidently supposed that his uncle was actually there, and it was impossible for so great a man to make a mistake. Lord A—— B—— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the country papers—the presence of my Lord was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the duke and the mighty duchesses.

All present were impressed with the necessity of calling an immediate town meeting, to propose presenting him with the freedom of the town, in a gilt box, which doubtless his lordship would be polite enough to take for gold. During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—— B—— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round-readings.

How far the ardor of making discoveries would have carried some of them I am not prepared to say—perhaps it might have led to felonious attempts on the sanctity of the ducal seal and frank, had not the stranger, who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle, now stepped into the midst, and making a low bow, said—

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you!" exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a single breath, looking unutterable things, at the threadbare pepper-and-salts of the independent individual before them. "We are surprised at your impudence in demanding this letter, which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A——, and addressed to Admiral Lord A—— B——."

"I am he, gentlemen," returned the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all round. "I see you do not think that the son of a duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor! No, no my lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle, "I knew your noble lordship the moment I seed you; but I remember your honor's humor too well to spoil sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow! and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A—— B——, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs!" as he spoke he produced from his pocket book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The post-master immediately handed him the letter, and began a string of the most elaborate apologies, which his lordship did not wait to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of ——— mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—— B——, to apologise for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

Lord A—— B—— was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But you will say that I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle—and took up my quarters at a paltry alehouse. Upon my word it was the only place where you would give me admittance! Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. Gentlemen, I doubt it not; my rank, fortune, and equipage, will procure respect any where from people of your way of thinking. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and most inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality of construction here. And now, gentlemen, I must inform you, that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me for nothing, and so I wish you a very good morning."

As his lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he had trudged in.

The sagacious town and corporation remained thunderstruck with the adventure. However, their conduct in the affair had been too unanimous to admit of their recriminating on each other the blame of this unlucky mistake; so they came to the wise resolution of making the best of a bad business, and digesting the bitter rebuke as well as they might: moreover, they determined that their town should not lose the credit of a visit from so distinguished a personage, and duly announced in the country papers, Lord A—— B——'s arrival and departure from the town of ———.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines addressed to a Young Lady.

"Oh ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of fairer form, or lovelier face."

As lovely Eve, in paradise alone,
No rival knew on beauty's blissful throne,
None canst thou know; for in thy blissful mind,
Art, nature, heaven, have all their charms combin'd.
May bliss attend thee thro' life's darkest hours,
And may thy path be strewn with sweetest flowers,
Rich as the *arbor* on thy own cheek fair,
If other roses may with those compare.
Ah! lovely lady, blame not thou the muse—
Refrain from censure—admiration [illegible];
If flattery e'er should speak thy virtues o'er,
Deny it not—'twould flattery be no more;
Good as thou'rt lovely, gentle as thou'rt kind,
E'en envy must admire thy polished mind.
Lady, from not that I the lyre now string,
Youth, beauty, virtue's honest charms to sing;
Most happy he on whom thy smiles descend—
Oh! happy he who calls himself thy friend.
Rich in thy smiles—it were a blissful store;
Rich in thy friendship—who could ask for more?
If I could know thou ever think'st on me,
Sans hope, sans joy, *I still could worship thee.*

Philadelphia, Feb. [illegible] ARBOR VITÆ.

From the Casket.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
DR. DAVID RAMSAY.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor Nature ever lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. SHAKSPEARE.

The remark, though often made, will bear a repetition, that Americans have just cause to feel proud of the men by whom their revolution was effected. Purer patriots the world cannot boast; and among those who struck the blow at British domination, and those who prepared the way to give to that blow direction, energy, and success, were many of whose mental endowments, it is no exaggeration to say, that better for the exigency could not have been developed.—Well may the devotional man exclaim, "in this is the finger of Providence made manifest!"—Had our revolutionary fathers been other than they were, plain, sensible republicans; men of more practical, discriminating, sound sense, than fertile imaginations; more prudence than eagerness;—had they been governed by an unhallowed ambition, or allured by the trappings of aristocratical distinction—how different might have been the issue of the revolution!—we might have exchanged a foreign, for a more oppressive, domestic tyranny; and our last state would have been worse than the first.

The history of the Revolution should be familiar to every American—and by that history, I mean, not merely the detail of battles, sufferings, and triumphs, which succeeded the shedding of the first blood, but the early complaints and remonstrances of growing colonies against the selfish and depressing system of a haughty mother country, long before the schemes of Bute, Grenville, and North were thought of.—This part of our history has been too much neglected, though none could be more interesting to those who love to trace effects to their causes. Connected with the history of the revolution, the biography of the revolution should be familiar to every American—and for the same reasons:—and nothing would be more productive of a wholesome feeling of unity throughout the land, than a frequent contemplation of the singleness of purpose and patriotic worth that characterized our common benefactors—the men who thought, and wrote, and spoke and acted for their country, their whole country, and nothing but their country.

I have thought these observations no improper introduction to a biographical sketch of Dr. Ramsay; a man of distinguished talents—a supporter of the Revolution—and a faithful labourer in the historical vineyard of his country.

David Ramsay was born in Lancaster county, State of Pennsylvania, April 2d, 1749. His father was an Irish emigrant—he gave all his sons a liberal education, and David graduated at the College of New Jersey, in 1765. After continuing a few years in the capacity of a private tutor, he selected physic as his profession; and after a preparatory course in the College of Pennsylvania, he took his degree of M. D. in 1772.

Dr. Ramsay commenced the practice of his profession in Maryland, where he continued a year, and then removed to Charleston, South Carolina. Here he soon became eminent as a physician, and much esteemed as a man. He was zealously attached to the principles of the revolution, and his pen was active in their support. Some of his effusions were very popular; particularly one entitled "A Sermon on Tea," of which the text was, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." He was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, from 1776 to the conclusion of the war, and part of the time a member of the Privy Council. With some other respectable citizens of Charleston, he was banished by the enemy to St. Augustine, and upon an exchange of prisoners, he was permitted to return home, after an absence of eleven months, when he resumed his seat in the legislature, then holding its session at Jacksonborough. He was opposed to a general confiscation of the estates of those who adhered to Britain, because he thought the punishment too severe for those who acted as their consciences dictated, and would have reserved it for the unprincipled and unfeeling opponents of their struggling and suffering countrymen. His sentiments on the subject did honor to his humanity and liberal feeling. On the fourth of July, 1778, he delivered an oration to the citizens of Charleston, in favour of a republican form of government; which he ably and eloquently contended, was the best for calling into action the energies of the human mind—opening a field for humble merit and unpatronized talent—preserving the moral virtues in private and public life—diffusing the light of useful knowledge—and securing to the many, the rewards of industry, and a reasonable expectation of all the household comforts of a state of competency.

In the year 1782, Dr. Ramsay became a member of the Continental Congress. At this time the enemy were spreading themselves over the country of his constituents, and his efforts to procure them relief from the ravages of war, merited and received their grateful commendation.—When the conflict had ceased and the independence of our rescued land was acknowledged, he returned to Charleston, and resumed the practice of his profession. In 1785, he was elected a representative in Congress. During the absence of John Hancock, Dr. Ramsay filled the station of President for a year. He addressed the house on several occasions, and was a fluent, logical and persuasive speaker.

It is now time that we took some notice of Dr. Ramsay as a writer. He discharged the debt which every man is said to owe to his profession, by publishing in 1796, "A Sketch of the Soil, Climate, Weather, and Diseases of South Carolina;" and afterwards at different periods, "A Review of the Improvements, Progress and State of Medicine in the Eighteenth Century," "A Medical Register for the year 1802," and "A Dissertation on the Means of Preserving Health in Charleston." Of Dr. Ramsay's professional ability, we have the high authority of one of the first scientific men of his age, his valued friend Dr. Rush. In a letter of recommendation written before Ramsay attained to his full professional celebrity, he says, "Dr. Ramsay studied physic regularly with Dr. Bond, and attended the hospital and public lectures of medicine, and afterwards was graduated Bachelor of Physic, with great eclat. It is saying but little of him, to tell you, that he is far superior to any person we ever graduated at our college. His abilities are not only good, but great. His talents and knowledge are universal."

As an historian, Dr. Ramsay merits a high rank for industry and impartiality. In 1785, he published his History of the Revolution in South Carolina. This work was translated into the French, and received attention and approbation in Europe, as well as in our own country. In 1790, he published his History of the American Revolution. It has gone through two large editions, and is still valuable as a book of reference;—although a better history has subsequently appeared—though we regret to say it—not written by an American. In 1801, he published his Life of Washington, one of the best pieces of American biography. Considered as a biography, it is superior to Marshall's; who has rather given us a history of the revolution than a Life of Washington—though his work is valuable for its fidelity, political acumen, and sound sense.—In 1808, Dr. Ramsay published his History of South Carolina. He left a number of manuscripts on his decease. Among them were "A History of the United States, from their first settlement as English Colonies, to the end of the year 1808." This was published in 1817, with a continuation to the Treaty of Ghent, by Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith and others, in three octavo volumes;—and a work entitled Universal History Americanized, or a Historical View of the World, from the earliest records to the Nineteenth Century, with a particular reference to the state of Society, Literature, Religion, and Form of Government of the United States of *America." This work occupied the leisure of forty years. It has not yet been published.* Besides the works mentioned, Dr. Ramsay published "An Oration on the acquisition of Louisiana"—"A Biographical Chart, on a new plan to facilitate the Study of History"—an Eulogium on Dr. Rush—and the Memoirs of his Wife.

The number of his writings, and the vast research required in their composition, shew how great must have been his diligence—how unsparing his application. He was indeed frugal of time. His habits were rigidly temperate; he usually allowed himself but four hours sleep, rose before day, and as he never read by candle light, meditated until he could see to read; he never indulged in the luxuries of the table; and gave his evenings, and his evenings alone, to recreation—the rational recreation of social converse and innocent hilarity, with his family and his chosen friends. It is unnecessary to dwell particularly on the traits of private character of one so generally known and deservedly beloved as Dr. Ramsay. It is enough to say, that in him, christian philanthropy was a conspicuous and active principle. Ever ready to encourage any scheme that presented a prospect of public benefit, he has been accused of being somewhat too sanguine in his hopes, and somewhat too lavish in his expenditures. His munificence was such as materially to dilapidate his private fortune.—The effect was injurious to himself and his rising family; but the source was noble. It was generous feeling and enlarged speculation, indulged perhaps to excess, and therefore imprudently indulged; but far preferable to the other extreme, of which so many narrow-minded and narrow-hearted examples obtrude themselves continually upon us. The promotion of general education—the extension of the means of commercial enterprise and internal communication—the increase of the sources of national prosperity and national happiness—these were the objects that were dear unto him, and for these his liberal hand was open, and his great talents were willingly and zealously exerted. In addition to his voluminous works, he was a frequent contributor to the public prints and periodicals, in behalf of every thing which he deemed of importance to the interests of his beloved country; and it may confidently be said, that its pen had the effect, and that the spirit of improvement which he roused has never been lost.

Dr. Ramsay was amiable and affectionate in his family, constant in his friendships, and instructive and entertaining in his conversation, with no inconsiderable powers of witty and humorous description and repartee—but controlled by goodness of heart and kindness of feeling. He could never wound merely to amuse.—And last, but not least, he was a man of piety, of sincere, practical, heartfelt, religious faith;—a faith productive of good works—whose heavenward incense was christian charity—expansive, ardent, uncontaminated.

There was one peculiarity of Dr. Ramsay which ought to be mentioned, both because it has been the peculiarity of many great minds, and because it is itself an evidence of a superior judgment. The man of profound acquirement will stop to receive information from him, whom the sciolist would pass by with a look of supercilious self-conceit. Dr. Ramsay listened with attention to the communications of the least educated. His deportment, free from all assumption, put them at their ease; his manners were familiar and conciliating, but not without dignity; and by thus judiciously descending to the level of their capacity, he did not demean himself; he abated nothing of true self respect; and he obtained hints—facts—ideas of experiments—additions of true knowledge—the teachings of experience, from sources where little was to have been expected, and from whence a different demeanour would have extracted nothing. At the same time he returned the obligation ten fold, by imparting in plain and easily comprehended terms, the result of his own research and thought—thus receiving the materials, deepening the channels, and expanding the streams of intelligence, and displaying the most commendable qualities of a rational republicanism. In this respect he resembled his countrymen, Franklin, Jefferson, Rittenhouse, and Rush, stars of the first magnitude in the scientific horizon.

When we consider the intellectual powers of Dr. Ramsay—his zeal for knowledge—his unwearied industry—his disinterested patriotism—his active benevolence—and the unblemished character, do we err in saying, these are the noblemen of our republic; these are the men whose remembrance our citizens should cherish, for their own and their children's sake? May they never forget—may foreign influence, exotic manners, and imported follies—may a foreigner's scribblings, or a foreigner's sneers—the novelist's glittering fictions of fashionable life, (the emptiest and silliest of all life,) or any display of aristocratic extravagance, never lessen their respect for the republican virtues of their forefathers—never deter them from striving, at least at humble distance, to imitate them! the factitious distinctions of rank are losing ground in Europe; but while a gew gaw on a noble's breast obtains less respect there, I am afraid it is gathering more here. Surely, this is folly. The rarity of its appearance might be some excuse. But within a few years past we have been visited by no trifling quantity of titled ones—of ancient stock, as well as mushroom growth; and if affairs go on in Europe as they have done, and appear likely to do, we may reasonably expect very many more, eager doubtless to receive the proffered attentions and caresses of the plebians of the western republic—and perhaps with all the pride of ancient blood, not unwilling in their wondrous condescension, to relieve their titled beggary, by accepting the hand of an American heiress—whose money will amply make up for her want of nobility. For those who are Americans, and call themselves republicans, to bow, and cringe, and run after a man who neither understands nor appreciates our institutions, and who does not even attempt to conceal his contempt for our habits, because he happens to have a title—who is perhaps a fool, and for aught that is known, may be knave, is, to say the least of it, excessively contemptible. But it is time to return from this digression.

The death of Dr. Ramsay which took place on the 8th of May, 1815, was under peculiarly melancholy circumstances. A deranged person, who had imprudently been left unconfined, fired at him with a loaded pistol in the street, a few paces from his own dwelling, in the open day. The pistol was loaded with three balls, two of which entered his body—one entered the hip and passed out at the groin; the other entered the back, and lodged in the intestines. He died on the second day after he had received the wounds—with serenity and in hope; conscious of a well spent life, and expecting its reward.—When he was borne to his bed, and his relations and friends had gathered round the suffering object of their veneration and love, fearing that resentment might be felt and shown towards the unhappy being who had raised the deadly weapon against his life, he said, "I know not if these wounds be mortal. I am not afraid to die; but should that be my fate, I call on all present to bear witness that I consider the unfortunate perpetrator of this deed a lunatic, and free from guilt." J. B. S.

THE REJECTED ONE.

Farewell to thee, lady,—farewell,
I will look on thy bridal to-day,
And join with the lively and gay;
Tho' my heart in deep sorrow may yearn,
And the smile to the tear it may turn,
Still, I'll look on it, lady—farewell.

Farewell to thee, lady—farewell—
The white rose is wreathed in thine hair,
And bright gems they are glistening there;
There is pride on thy lip, and thine eye
Beams full with the richness of joy—
Farewell to thee, lady—farewell.

Thou art blessed and happy—farewell—
The vow has gone forth of thy love,
And angels record it above;
But my heart—thou need'st not to know
The sorrow, the burden of woe
That swells it for thee—yet farewell.

Farewell to thee, lady—farewell—
I have looked on thy beautiful brow,
And nerved me to list to thy vow,
And gazed, as thy white hand was given
To another, in presence of heaven,
And shrank not—yet, lady, farewell.

Farewell to thee, lady, farewell—
I could wish that pure heart were mine own
Or thy bright eye as kindly had shone
Upon me—yet I'll bless thee, fair one,
Tho' I meet not a joy in my journeying on,
Yet I'll bless thee, aye bless thee—farewell.

Buffalo, N. Y. J. E. L.

A DAY OF DISTRESS.

One of Miss Mittford's contributions to the Amulet, she has called "A Day of Distress," but we suspect that the reader will agree with us in thinking, that her account of it is one of the pleasantest things which her picturesque and prolific pen has ever sketched. She is a most incomprehensible creature. Here is a story in fact all about nothing. The lady had a brace of keys in her hand, one of which locked up all others of every department; twirling them about on her finger, in the course of conversation with her friend Kate Leslie, she thrusts them heedlessly under her belt, and the distress that ensues from her having forgotten this little incident she works up into one of the most amusing of her numerous cabinet paintings of still life. We can only afford room for a part of it.

"A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's pony phaeton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in the promise of another visit very soon, and presumed in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentlewoman of a small fortune: ordered dinner—minced veal, cold ham, a currant pudding and a sallad, if any body happens to be curious on the score of my housekeeping; renewed my bean pots; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at the *Times*; and was just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning visitors—friends from a distance; for whom, after a hearty welcome, and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which orders my miseries began.

"The keys, if you please ma'am, for the wine and the Kennet ale," said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook and the under maid, and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and it is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. "The keys, ma'am if you please," said Anne; and then I found that my keys were not in my right hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my reticule, in short, that my keys were lost!

"Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions; but then the one opened that important part to me, my writing desk; and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key to the key drawer; and no chance of picking them, for alas! alas! the locks were Bramah's! So, after a few exclamations, such as—What can have become of my keys? Has any one seen my keys? Somebody must have run away with my keys!—I recollect, that, however consolatory to myself each lamentation might be, they would by no means tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could, by sending to my nearest neighbours (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day) to supply, as well as might be, my deficiency. Accordingly, I sent to the public house for their best beer, which, not being Kennet ale, would not go down; and to the good-humored wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose, from the other! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champaigne! Luckily the water was good, and my visitors were good natured, and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. John's, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring water.

"This trouble passed over lightly enough. But scarcely were they gone, before the tax-gatherer came for money, locked up in my desk! What will the collector say? And the justice's clerk for warrants, left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository. What will their worships say to this delinquency? It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me, in my own person! My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing desk; and when our kind neighbors, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

"But, before the search could begin, in came the pretty little roly poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats, from seven downwards, with their whole train of nursery and nursery maids, and nursery governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries: and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! and good farmer Brookes, he too, called sent by his honor for a bottle of Hollands—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar, and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer! And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one. To be sure, they had a *few* pinks and roses, to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as uncomeatable as the Schiedam.

"At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer, not locked every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again, for these intolerable keys.

"All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby,) and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pin cushions and scissors, from the different work baskets, work bags (your idle persons always abound in working materials) was astounding. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns, beginning with an old boot, and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seem to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second hand bazaar! Every thing was there except my keys.

"Four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden until we were all so tired, we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage to sit still, except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last, I flung myself on a sofa in the green house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I first missed them.

"A jingle in my apron pocket afforded some hope, but it turned out to be the clinking of a pair of garden scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil case, and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine, but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palamon and Arcite, Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

"This circumstance recalled the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key stealing that I had heard of amongst my acquaintance. Now, my old friend, aunt Martha, had been so well known *for that propensity as to be regularly sought after wherever the keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his* eloquent talk, (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Stael, with a willow twig for the purpose,) had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a Lawyers's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of several law suits to himself and his clients.—Neither aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be subject to absent fits, and might in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening, (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives above 20 miles off,) and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

"A wise resolution! but, like many other wise resolves easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

"The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant puddings, and the sugar was in the store room, and the store was locked; and scarcely had I recovered from the shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam, so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat, for without the sallad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk there were two very important letters one triple, and franked for that very night; as well as a corrected proof sheet, for which the press was waiting—and that all these despatches were to be sent off by the post that evening.

"Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing desk to my good friend, the blacksmith—a civil intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, uttered the word Bramah! and I thought my perplexity was nearly at its hight, when, as I was wending slowly homeward, my sorrow was brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honor most in the world—a person whom all the world admires—who told me, in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me.

"Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea drinker—a green tea drinker, one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, therefore required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection. Lady Mary come to drink tea with me; and I with nothing better to offer her but tea from the shop—the village shop—bohea or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture. Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could not go any further: it was the very extremity of small distress.

"Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away. I could not even laugh at my self, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honors by my plants; and in placing a large night scented stock, was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

"My keys, my keys!" untying the ribbon, as I heard a most pleasant jingle on the floor, and the lost keys, sure enough, they were, deposited there, of course, by my own hand; unfelt, unseen, and unsuspected, during our long and weary search. Since the adventure of my dear friend, Mrs. S., who hunted a whole morning for her spectacles, whilst they were comfortably perched upon her nose, I have met with nothing so silly and so perplexing.

"The strawberries were sent to the dear little girls; and the Schiedam to the good farmer; and the warrants to the clerks. The tax gatherer called for his money; letters and proof went to the post; and never in my life did I enjoy a cup of Twining's green tea so much as the one which Lady Mary and I took together after my day of distress.

Mina's Trial.

Indicted for the Murder of William Chapman.

(CONCLUDED.)

[illegible]

Washington City, July 28th, 1831.

[illegible]

LINO AMALIO ESPOS Y MINA.

[illegible]

LINO AMALIO ESPOS Y MINA.

[illegible]

we trust to this alone as a test for the purpose of a legal investigation. He knows that the 200th part of a grain of arsenic has been detected by chemical process, but he does not, of what quantity this was the residue. He has [illegible] obtained enough to make experiments in eight tubes from one grain. Some of the authorities state that the 200th part of a grain can be detected, another says that the thousandth part may be detected in pure water.—There is no case on record where less than thirty grains have taken away life, although less may have that effect.—He has himself given sixty grains to a dog without destroying life—the dog vomited immediately. Almost all the authorities say that other substances give an odor like that of arsenic. Witness believes that the only writer who supports him in the opposite opinion is Beck in his work on Jurisprudence. But changes have recently taken place in the science of chemistry from the improvements every day making in science. On the authority of a writer on the subject, he will say, that the rigidity soon after death is one of the accompaniments of poison, and it is unusual after death from other diseases. He considers the odor of arsenic the best single test for the detection of the arsenic; he now considers the black ring as an additional proof of the existence of arsenic, though he did not consider it so when the experiment was made. He comes to this conclusion from various experiments made since.

Mary Hamilton was examined, but nothing material to the question at issue was elicited.

The Prosecution rested here.

Mr. McDowell said he would be very brief in stating his defence. He would call the attention of the Court and Jury to the fact that his client was indicted as principal in the first degree as having committed murder, and as principle in the second in having aided and abetted the person who did commit the murder. As principal in the second degree, he would submit that his client could not be convicted when the records of the Court shewed that the person whom it is alleged he aided and abetted has been by a jury of her country declared not guilty. And he would deny, and he hoped satisfactorily, that the evidence upon either charge was sufficient to convict his client. He only meant to produce two pieces of testimony—one was the deposition of Mr. Franklin Bates, shewing the difficulty of distinguishing between death from arsenic and death from cholera morbus. The other was the record of Mrs. Chapman's acquittal.

The deposition of Dr. Bates was read, and the defence closed.

Mr. Reed commenced the summing up to the court and jury. To the court he contended, that the acquittal of Mrs. Chapman could not at all be taken into consideration, in relation to the second count in the indictment against the prisoner at the bar. He contended that a person aiding and abetting could be convicted on that charge, even though the principle had escaped. In support of this he quoted many precedents,—among others the case of the Knapps for the murder of Mr. White. He said that acquittal might serve as a shield for Mrs. Chapman—but could not preserve the prisoner here.

On this point the Court decided that the Jury were bound to consider Mrs. Chapman still on trial—but in such a position that they had made up their minds to acquit her of the whole charge. And in this point of view they might return a verdict against the prisoner on the first or on the second count, if they thought the evidence warranted it.—Or if the evidence was insufficient they would of course acquit him—or in other words, that the case was entirely open to their consideration.

Mr. Reed laid the case for the prosecution before the Jury in a clear and powerful style. He was followed by Mr. McDowell on behalf of the defence. The Court then adjourned.

FRIDAY.

The Court opened at 9 o'clock.

The States Attorney for the prosecution, and Mr. Rush for the defendant, severally addressed the Jury in glowing language on behalf of the clients which each had to protect. Under an able and clear charge from his Honor Judge Fox, the case was submitted to the Jury.

The Jury, after a consultation of about three hours, returned with a verdict of GUILTY.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY, April 28.—McGinley, constable, brought up this morning, a boy named Charles Stevens, detected almost every evening, in annoying persons leaving the Arch street Theatre, for checks. Charles, it appeared, has been the generallissimo of a gang of boys, who congregate every evening, in the vicinity of Arch and Sixth streets, for the above purpose. A regular and well organised confederacy is said to exist among them, the principal motive in view being to acquire money from the sale of checks, begged from persons leaving the theatre at an early hour. The evidence against Stevens left no doubt as to his being concerned as principal, and he was sent to the House of Refuge.

David Daily, not we hope a *daily* drunkard, was brought up charged with having set a pernicious example before the good citizens of this commonwealth, by appearing intoxicated. The watchman, having stated the charge, took occasion to mention, that Mr. D. had formerly been a sober, hard working and industrious man, but that lately, being put in possession of a clever little fortune, by the death of his mother, his habits had much altered for the worse. In the opinion of the watchman, who had lived for some time a neighbor to friend D. he was in a fair way "to run through his money," in an infinitely shorter time than it had been acquired.

Mayor—How is this, Daily, what's the matter with you?

Daily—Why, your honor, they took me to the watch-house last night, and in a room close by was a negro woman, who grunted and groaned all night, so that I didn't sleep a wink.

Mayor—If you persist in your evil ways, Daily, you will soon go to destruction.

Daily—Your honor, I am gone already—clean gone—that is while I'm in your hands, for it appears that I can't help myself.

Mayor—I shall be obliged, I think, to send you to jail.

Daily—No—don't, your honor, for I can't get any grog there. Besides, it will ruin my character, and hurt my family.

Mayor—If you will promise me not to get drunk again, I'll let you off with the fine.

Daily—I'll promise you on the honor of a man—I have honor about me, I know I have. Mention the time.

Mayor—Well, say you will not get drunk for six months.

Daily—Oh dear me, good Mr. Mayor, you're too hard—Six months! Oh bless you, that's too long, six months, dear me—but I suppose I must—well, Mr. Mayor, now I will promise, but not for six months, nor for six times six months, but that I will never get drunk again in my life—Depend upon my word, for *I* say it.

Whereupon Mr. Daily paid his fine, and left the office, apparently sincere in his sudden resolution.

MONDAY, April 30.—The Mayor's attention was occupied this morning in the examination of several drunken cases, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to report.

INFAMOUS ATTEMPT AT SEDUCTION.—On Tuesday afternoon, a highly respectable gentleman of New York, entered the Police Office in company with his niece, a beautiful young lady of about 20, and with much emotion communicated to Justice Lownds, sitting magistrate, the following particulars of a most infamous attempt, by some depraved villain, to destroy the innocence of his niece, and the peace and happiness of all her friends. The gentleman stated, that a note had been delivered to his niece in the course of the morning by a female habited as a lady, the import of which was too obvious to be mistaken. The note was as follows:

"Dear ——:* Do not be angry with me that I have taken this liberty. I have seen you and admire you much. May I ask you to call at No. — Mott street, this afternoon at half past four o'clock. I wish to have a few moments conversation with you. The bearer of this letter will inform you who and what I am. There shall be nothing said or done that the first lady in the land would not be proud of hearing. Your friend, affectionately."

The gentleman further stated, that his niece handed him the note as soon as he came home, and that he, having made inquiry into the character of the house in Mott street whither she was invited to repair, had ascertained that it was a notorious house of assignation. Justice Lownds requested the gentleman to attend yesterday morning, and gave directions to several of the officers to proceed to the house and bring down to the office early in the morning, all the inmates that they could lay hands on. Accordingly, yesterday morning, the keeper of the house in question, was conducted before Justice Lownds and examined in regard to her knowledge of the circumstance complained of. She admitted that she kept a house of assignation; that the note addressed to —— was written there by one of her male visitors whom she did not know, but who was waggishly nicknamed "*the Governor of Kentucky*,"—that she saw it and knew its import, and that it was carried to the residence of the young lady and delivered, by a female who lived with her. She positively averred that she did not know the name of the writer. The female who delivered the note was also examined, but nothing could be elicited from her to throw any additional light upon the nefarious plot.

Upon hearing all the facts, Justice Lownds informed the keeper of the house, that inasmuch as she declined to give up the name of the author of the note, he must hold her responsible for the whole offence, and should require bail for her appearance at the General Sessions, to answer to the charge, in the sum of *one thousand dollars*. The female who was the bearer of the note, was required to give bail in the sum of $500. They succeeded in obtaining bail, and were liberated.

*We omit the name, for reasons which will be obvious to the reader.

The steamboat Robert Morris, ran down a small boat with two persons in it, near Chester, on Sunday afternoon. The boat was smashed to pieces, by coming in contact with one of the wheels. The men had both sprung out when she was first struck. Capt. Douglass caused the yawl to be immediately lowered, and went to their assistance, and succeeded in saving them; not, however, until one had gone down two or three times. No blame is attached to Capt. D. the men in the boat having stopped too much brandy. They were well lectured finally.

MURDER.—The Niagara Gleaner says—"The London District is obtaining a horrible celebrity for the crime of murder. We understand that a man of the name of Lester who had made a will, and the disposition of his property by it having been ascertained by one of his two sons, with whom he went to the barn to fodder his cattle, and there was murdered by his son to obtain the property devised by the will. The parricide was found concealed under some straw, and doubtless in due time will reap his reward.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday evening last, two industrious mechanics, William Martin Baldwin, aged 43, and Halsted Lawrence, aged 46, the former a wheelwright and the latter a blacksmith, stopped in at the store of Mr. Vankleck, an Indian herb doctor, to procure some vegetable beer. The Doctor was about moving, and the articles in his shop were deranged from their usual order. They were soon after seized with violent retchings and convulsions. Baldwin died on the same night, and Lawrence on the morning after. The Coroner's Jury found that the essential oil of evergreen was administered by mistake in the beer. This should be a warning to all who are in the habit of using these decoctions, without having them examined by a regular physician or chemist.

[*New York Com. Advertiser.*

Evening Post.

☞ This paper circulates extensively in all parts of the United States. Upwards of 14,000 copies are printed every week, and the subscription list is constantly and rapidly increasing.

We find the annexed paragraph in the Beaver (Pa.) Republican—"Rumor says, that Count Leon is about to purchase this town, (Beaver)—that his agents have engaged to enquire the price of each man's property, and make a report to him on a certain day—that he intends to locate in Beaver some thousand Belgians which he expects on shortly—it is also said, that his honor Judge Henry made an estimate of the value of the real property in Beaver, and that it fell a little short of $100,000. But Rumor sometimes tells tough tales."

On Friday evening week, three prisoners, confined in the Easton jail, John Barley, John Hoitzman and a pedler by the name of Trodden, who was confined on a charge of passing counterfeit notes, of the New-Jersey Commercial, and Girard's Bank, made their escape, by breaking the two walls, and made themselves scarce. They were seen, we are informed, on Saturday evening below Doylestown, making their way towards Philadelphia. This is the second time our jail has been broken open in less than a year, five or six prisoners having escaped.

The New York Courier of Friday says:—"We understand that a committee consisting of Drs. J. T. Sharpless, G. F. Lehman and J. R. Burden, from the Board of Health of Philadelphia, have arrived in our city, for the purpose of conferring with our Board of Health upon the most advisable plan to adopt to prevent the introduction of Cholera into our country. We are induced to hope much good may arise from the conference, and only regret that the Boards of Health of other large seaports had not been invited to join in the enquiry."

A fracas took place in Easton on Thursday week, in the coal yard of Mr. Peter S. Michler, between Samuel Snyder and Abraham Bachman which resulted in the latter's receiving a wound upon the head, with a spade, which caused his death on Saturday evening last. Snyder alleges that he struck him in his own defence. We forbear giving more than this brief notice of the matter, for fear of prejudicing the public, for or against the survivor. There being no allegation of *wilful murder*, Snyder is now at large on bail in the sum of $2000.

SPOTTED FEVER IN MAINE.—The Medical Journal, of Tuesday morning, says:—"We learn from Hallowell, Maine, that some apprehensions are entertained, by the Faculty, that the Spotted Fever has broken out again in that flourishing town. Several cases and one death have occurred. Whether these cases are merely sporadic, or the commencement of an epidemic, time only can determine."

An act of incorporation has been obtained at the session of the New York Legislature which has just ended, for a company to construct a rail road from New York to Albany. The road, by the terms of this act, is to commence on the island of New York where the Fourth Avenue terminates, at the Harlem river, and to pass through the counties of Westchester, Putnam, Duchess, Columbia and Rensselaer, to some point on the Hudson opposite to Albany. The company also have power to construct branches, extending to the eastern limits of the state, in order to connect the main rail road with any rail road to be established in Massachusetts or Connecticut. The cost of constructing the road is estimated at 1,800,000 dollars. For 120 miles of the distance it is computed that the expense of building the road will be 9,000 dollars per mile; for the remaining 40 miles, 15,000 dollars per mile.

Two men were murdered in the city of New Orleans on the night of the 12th instant. An officer of the city guard having received notice that a murder had been committed near Tivoli square, proceeded to the spot and found the dead body, which was that of a labourer on the canal; and at a short distance he also discovered a Mr. Spitoll, weltering in his own blood. He died soon after. Two men have been arrested as the perpetrators of these crimes.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The London Times notices thirteen meetings recently held in as many different places, for the purpose of forming Temperance Societies, and adds—

So general is the feeling of interest, and the demand for abstinence, in forming societies throughout the country, that the committee ardently desire to be in possession of funds which would enable them to engage, at least, one agent to go through the kingdom especially at a time when the calamity with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit our land is spreading, and thus war against the common enemy, ardent spirits, more destructive than the sword. So indispensable and deeply important are funds, that three members of the committee had expended upwards of £200; and if the committee was supported by funds in proportion to the wide field of labor it has opened, it would immediately engage several agents for the same purpose, and proclaim the peace which temperance societies lead to, and become the means of greatly reducing the expense occasioned by pauperism, crime and disease, produced by the use of ardent spirits.

A Mrs. Trollope has recently written a book which has made its appearance from the London press, and is likely to afford considerable amusement to the American reader. It contains a narrative of that lady's sojourn in divers parts of this country, and is very particular in its details of our manners, domestic arrangements, and such other matters as would be likely to claim the attention of an enlightened and acute observer. In order to set the subjects off in the best possible light, a variety of illustrations,—not caricatures,—are interspersed through the work, and are exceedingly pleasant. Mrs. Trollope, with sundry little Trollope's, her daughters, landed originally, it appears, at New Orleans—commenced operations in that quarter, and progressing eastwardly, touching at Cincinnati, and intermediate places, she succeeded in reaching New York, and making her escape from our half-civilized, half-savage people, has brought forth a volume detailing many wonderful stories. The Harpers have the work now in press, and as it really contains some tolerable sketches, with a good deal of original observation of characters, customs, &c. it will no doubt be in demand.

Mr. CHAUBERT, the Fire King, has had a very successful display of his royal prerogative of withstanding fire and poison, and curing the tooth-ache, in Richmond. He has published several prescriptions of great importance—one of which we hasten to copy:

"2. *Recipe for the Fair Sex.*—Instead of using paint, use Cochineal powdered, very small quantity—tie it in a piece of linen, wet it, and rub it on the face—afterwards take a lump of alum and rub it on the face also—then wipe the face dry with a handkerchief. This will preserve the face from any kind of pimple and wrinkle, and produce a beautiful rosy color."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The large cotton warehouse, belonging to Mr. J. Ganahl, corner of Abercorn street, Savannah, Geo. with its contents, consisting of 1100 bales of cotton, was destroyed by fire, on the night of the 13th inst.—By great exertions, the neighboring warehouses of Mr. J. Cummings were saved. The loss of Mr. G.'s warehouse and contents is stated at about $31,000—of which $27,000 was insured, principally in Augusta. The fire was supposed (though probably without sufficient ground) to be the work of an incendiary.

General Root, of New York, being on his way on a visit homewards in the night-stage from Washington to Baltimore, on Friday last, received considerable injury from the overturning of the stage, by its running off the road. One of his arms was broken at the elbow, and he received other hurts.

In the court of common pleas at Newark, on Friday, a young lady recovered a verdict of five hundred dollars against her uncle, for words derogatory to her character. As the defendant is very far from being a man of fortune, this must be considered as a heavy punishment for too unlicensed a use of his tongue.

From the National Intelligencer of Monday.

CONGRESS.

IN SENATE.

Yesterday Mr. Smith, from the committee on finance, to whom was referred the resolution of the 30th of March, proposing an inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the offices of Second Auditor and Second Comptroller, made a report, that these officers could not be abolished, without injury to the public service.

Mr. Foot then moved the Senate to take up the Pension Bill, but a motion made by Mr. Smith, that the Senate proceed to the consideration of Executive business, was agreed too, and the galleries were cleared and doors closed accordingly.

In the House of Representatives.

The further hearing of the case of Samuel Houston was again postponed, in consequence of the continued indisposition of Mr. Key, his counsel.

The amendments of the appropriation bill having been gone through, Mr. Watmough made an earnest appeal to the House to permit him to move an appropriation for the Delaware Breakwater, for the want of which the public interest was greatly suffering.

Bank of the United States.

The House then, on motion of Mr. Clayton, suspended the rule, so as to enable the committee of visitation to the Bank of the United States, to make their report. Leave being given, Mr. Clayton presented the report, which he moved to have received, without being read, and that it should be referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. McDuffie then rose and observed that he felt bound to make some remarks, in justice to the committee, to account for the delay which had taken place, and which had prevented the committee from having it presented before. The inquiry involved a number of subjects, which rendered it necessary for it to be very minute. The result of it was necessarily very voluminous, and the committee had only that morning come to a decission upon the report to be made, which prevented the minority of that committee from presenting their views as they were desirous of doing, at this time, in opposition to this report. He therefore wished to submit orally a few remarks on one or two topics contained in the report.

Mr. McDuffie then stated various facts which occurred before the committee, and are adverted to in the report—and made comments on several points in the report, in regard to which he dissented from the committee.

Mr. Clayton replied with a good deal of animation, after protesting against this mode of controverting the report before it was read, to the points touched on by Mr. McDuffie, and glanced also on some other points, concerning the operations of the Bank.

Mr. Adams, a member of the committee, next rose, and stated the reasons why he should take occasion to present, in a distinct written form, his views of the subject. In the course of his remarks, he said that if there was a single sentence in the report of the committee, from which he did not entirely dissent, he was not aware of it.

Mr. Cambreleng, also a member of the committee, vindicated the course of the investigations pursued by the committee, and expressed his disposition to maintain and stand by its report.

Mr. Wayne, observing that the report, after such contradictory opinions of it had been expressed by different members of the committee, could go to the world with very little authority, however much it might be entitled to, and desiring to see in form the objections which the minority of the committee intend to make to it, to give time for that purpose, moved to postpone the further consideration of the subject to Monday next.

The motion was negatived.

After some interlocutory remarks by Mr. Wickliffe and Cambreleng,

Mr. Thomas, another member, rose to vindicate the proceedings of the committee, and avowed his readiness to stand before the House and the People, and defend the report of that committee.

Mr. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, another Member of the committee, stated his views of the report. He had assented to it, he admitted; but he disclaimed any intention to cast the least reflection on the integrity or honor of the President or Government of the Bank, to the former of whom he accorded high praise and great merit.

After an explanatory remark from Mr. Watmough, the question on printing the Report was taken and decided in the affirmative. And then the house adjourned.

This debate was listened to with deep interest by House, Lobby, and Galleries, and a report of it may be looked for from us as early as practicable.

A cask was shipped at New York for this port as *containing hardware*. In reshipping it, in the steam-boat for Fayetteville, it was discovered that the contents were *ten kegs of gun powder*.—This discovery was providential, as the cask was about to be placed in contiguity with the boiler, and the passengers and crew, cargo and boat, would have been exposed to destruction for the paltry object of saving about two dollars!!! The *fraud* in this transaction, is the most pardonable part of it. We will certainly expose the names of the offenders in the next instance which shall be reported to us.—*Wilmington N. C. Rec.*

ALBERT NEWSAM.

We take the following interesting sketch of this remarkable young man, from the last number of the Westchester Record.—

This name well illustrates the blessings conferred by one of our Public Institutions. Some fifteen years ago, an unfortunate little wanderer was rescued from the hands of a man who was making an improper use of his situation, in the streets of Philadelphia, and placed in the Pennsylvania Institution for the deaf and dumb. The bounty of a charitable public, and liberal legislature, fed, clothed, and educated him. His amiable disposition, correct habits, and persevering application, attracted the attention and won the esteem of all. Having early discovered a decided talent for drawing, facilities for improvement were afforded him by Col. Childs, before he left the institution. At the proper age he was placed under the care of that gentleman, who has always evinced towards him a paternal solicitude, and with whom he still remains.

The lithographic art was just opening its treasures to the world. The genius of Newsam has been directed to this department, and his success is brilliant. All those beautiful impressions put forth by Col. Childs, and Messrs. Childs and Inman, within a few years past, are his works, although his name is not always to be discovered upon the plate. We venture to predict from the high excellence of his recent productions, that the time will soon come when his name will be as sure a passport to admiration, as that of Stewart, Heath, Lecompte, or Lane.

Among the heads recently published, is one of the venerable William Rawle, Esq. patriarch of the Philadelphia bar, which has been pronounced by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any similar work of art executed in the United States.

Since that time we have seen a head of Washington, after Stewart, which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, for brilliancy, correctness, likeness and beautiful finish, compares well with the works of some of the best French artists—Lecompte, or Grevedon; and with the exception of the master pieces of Lane, A. R. A. is better than any thing of the kind which has been done in England.

Judge M'Lean of Ohio, a copy of which has lately been procured for our Athenæum, is in some respects superior to the Washington.—There is a firmness in the work, a life and clearness in the eyes, and a sweetness in the expression of the mouth, which claim the admiration of every beholder. The original is by Sully, in his happiest style, and the head has lost none of its spirit by the translation.

Thanks to the Pennsylvania Institution for the deaf and dumb—success to the Lithographic Establishment of Childs and Inman—fame and fortune to their *protege*.

The Vincennes (Ia.) Gazette of the 24th ult. has this paragraph, under head of postscript:—We have been informed by a gentleman who left Vandalia on Wednesday, at one o'clock, that shortly before his departure, an order arrived from the governor of Illinois, ordering out 2,000 men to aid in the relief of Gen. Atkinson, who was in a precarious situation from the hostile Indians about Rock Island, headed by the Black Hawk.

INSANITY OR FANATICISM.—At the Supreme Court, in Concord, last week, Lillie Eaton of Woburn, charged with maliciously setting fire to a store, was found by the Jury not guilty by reason of insanity. Eaton being asked by the Court if he wished to say any thing in his defence, began to read from a manuscript some very noisy rhymes, which he christened poetry, and which he averred that he had composed himself since he had been confined in jail. Being informed that this was not exactly to the purpose, he talked very vehemently about his being put under guardianship, saying that the object was to get the control of his [illegible] that his property had bee[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] engaged in translating the Bible into the Indian language, he came to this passage, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *lattice*,"&c. Not knowing an Indian word to signify lattice, he applied to several of the natives, and endeavored to describe it as a frame work, netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him as illustrative; when they gave him a long, barbarous, and unpronouncable word, as are many words in this language. Some years after, when he had learned their dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed outright, upon finding that the Indian had given him the true term for eel-pot. "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The interesting exercises usual at the celebration of the Schools connected with the New York Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Society, were held at St. John's Chapel, in New York, on Wednesday last, at 4 o'clock, P. M. There were present, in all, as ascertained by careful inquiry, *two thousand six hundred children*; completely filling with their teachers, the capacious chapel.

WILKESBARRE, April 25.—On Monday last, Mr. John Harding, of Exeter township in this county, committed suicide by suspending himself by a cord attached to a beam in his barn. We understand that he had for some time previous laboured under a partial alienation of mind, and to this may be attributed the commission of the rash and fatal act. Mr. Harding was an industrious and respectable citizen, and has left a family and wide circle of relatives to mourn his untimely end.

We have received Jamaica Gazettes down to the 29th ultimo, inclusive. The slaves were quiet, but the House of Assembly tumultuous.—We find in the Jamaica Courant, of the 29th, the following extract of a letter from Carthagena by a vessel seven days from that port. "The two states which formerly were part of Colombia, i. e. the Equador and New Grenada, are at this moment at war." There is reason to doubt all Jamaica accounts of the affairs of Colombia.—Bogota and Buenos Ayres gazettes, down to the 15th February, are now on our table. The *Gaceta Mercantil*, of Bogota, of the 9th, complains bitterly of the conduct of the United States sloop of war Lexington, at the Faulkland Islands, and contends that the Colombian government ought to send forthwith a special mission to Washington, on the subject. Captain Duncan is defended in the *Cosmopolitan* of the 15th of the same month—of Buenos Ayres. We copy the subjoined paragraph from the Cosmopolitan.

"On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The haste and apparent terror of street-passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with undescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of affrighted birds, screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction—in a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud peal of thunder, which was immediately succeeded by a shower of "mud," thick mud—" and there was light"—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a part falling to the earth, mingled with water. On the re-appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different color. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe.

"But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dust cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm."

The St. Louis (Missouri) Times, says—"The steam boat Yellow Stone left this port on Saturday last, for the river whose name she bears.—This boat belongs to the American Fur Company, and is employed in the transportation of the stores for their trade, and in the return of the produce of their labor and capital. This is her second trip; she being the first steam boat that has ever attempted to ascend the Missouri as high as her point of destination. Success attend her, and may the spirit and enterprise of her adventurous owners meet an ample reward.

One day last week, Captain James Hollistook, at a single haul of the seine, at his landing on Pomonkey, which is a few miles below Mount Vernon, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, nine hundred and fifty six thousand herring accurately counted.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

From the New York Standard of Tuesday.

By the arrival of the Canada, captain Wilson, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 1st of April, we have our London files to the 31st of March, and Liverpool to the day of sailing. We have received also our Magazines, &c. from which we shall give selections to-morrow.

The news of a political character is not important. The cholera is spreading steadily in London, there being eighty or ninety cases per day, but it appears to excite little alarm. It has made its appearance decidedly in Dublin.

We give reports below of the cholera in Paris. There is no other French news.

There is nothing new from Don Pedro nor his brother.

[illegible]

LATER STILL FROM ENGLAND.

☞ At an early hour this morning we received our files of papers brought by the London packet ship *Columbia*, captain Delano. She was boarded last night by our news schooner ECLIPSE. The London dates brought us by her, are to the evening of the 31st,—those by the Canada were to the morning of that day; and we have besides, by the Columbia, the Hampshire Telegraph of the 2d April.

The official Cholera Report is one day later. Under date of the 31st March, it states that there were 87 new cases in London, and 44 deaths, since the preceding day. In the country 33 new cases and 16 deaths.

BELGIUM.—Although the ratification of the Belgian treaty, by the Emperor of Austria, has been received by Baron Wessenberg, the Austrian Charge d'Affairs, it will not this day be given in to the Conference, as was intended: the exchange having been made conditional, upon the giving in the ratification of Prussia, for which Baron Bulow has not yet received the necessary authority. To what this delay is owing we know not, but we understand that the Prussian Plenipotentiary is in hourly expectation of the requisite authority.

On the subject of Italy, the same paper has the following:

The last accounts from Ancona are considered both by the British and French Governments completely satisfactory. Gen. Cubieres has restored to the affair that character which it would not for a moment have been divested of had it not been for the most strange forgetfulness of the orders which emanated from the Cabinet of the Tuileries at the epoch of the departure of the expedition.

At Rome, however, the most trivial circumstances are converted by anger into ground for note after note to the French Ambassador, it being evidently the design in this way to ring the changes to Europe, and to smother the principal question under a heap of trifling details, which since the explanation given by the French Government, either merit no attention, or at best are merely of secondary importance.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.—In consequence of some reflections by the editor of the Tribune on Marshal Lobau, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, four officers on the staff of the Marshal last week paid a visit to the office of the Tribune et Mouvement, with—to use homely language—a very bullying message. Taken unawares, the principal editor refused to meet a body of persons, but offered to give the Marshal himself personal satisfaction.—The affair got wind, however, and in the course of the day *many hundred* young men left their cards at the office of the Tribune, praying to be allowed *as assistant Editors* (*Redacteurs*) to take off the odds; and accordingly, the Tribune of the next day intimated to the Etat-Major publicly in its columns, that sixty-seven "editors of the Tribune" were ready to go out with the sixty-seven officers of which the Etat-Major (Staff) is composed. The ensuing Saturday produced the first of the duels resulting from the challenges en masse. The principals in this affair were General Jacqueminot (of the Etat-Major) and M. Belmonte, the editor (in chief) of the Tribune. The former was attended by General Gourgaud and Colonel Taunton; the latter by Colonel Brisqueville (a Deputy) and M. Carel, editor of the National. After an exchange of shots, the seconds interfered, and that particular affair was at last made up. It is by no means certain, however, that the remaining sixty-six officers of the Etat-Major will not call out the remaining sixty-six editors of the Tribune.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser of May 2.

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

The ship Fama, arrived last evening from Havre, having left that port on the 2d ult.

There appears to be no doubt that the Allied Powers are determined on an amicable settlement of the affairs of Holland and Belgium. The funds both in France and England continue to advance, which is a sure criterion that the peace of Europe will not soon be disturbed.

There is no confirmation of the report that Madeira had been captured by Don Pedro.

The Brussels papers of 29th March, say that by a courier at the Hague from London, the Dutch government is informed by its minister at London, that the conference will not admit the modification which King William desires in the treaty of Nov. 15th, and that the representatives of England and France demanded, in the most positive manner, the ratification of that treaty by Russia, Austria and Prussia, as a preliminary to negotiations on any other subject. By the same courier the English minister received orders from his government to represent that the pretentions of King William cannot be complied with, and that the governments of France and England feel their honor compromised by so long a delay.

CHOLERA IN PARIS.—Paris, March 30, 8 o'clock in the morning.—In the last eight days 58 patients have been carried to the Cholera Hospital, 15 of whom are since dead. Besides these, 8 deaths have occurred in different parts of the city.

P. S. Half past 4 P. M. Eighteen new cases have been announced to-day.

Paris, March 31.—This morning the Diligences are filled with timid people, who are leaving the capital to seek for safety in the provinces which the cholera has not visited.

Havre, March 30.—The court of Assizes at Rouen, after a hearing of the case, acquitted, day before yesterday, five American sailors, accused of resisting the armed force on the evening of 21st October.

A Fuel Saving Society has been recently established in the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia. The security which is afforded to the hard earnings of honest industry by these excellent institutions, entitles their patrons and encouragers to the praise of every philanthropic individual. The silent good which is accomplished by their instrumentality is frequently without ostentation inconceivably extensive, and of the highest importance to the welfare of the poor man.

The pocket book of Mr. Samuel Wilson, bookseller, of Schenectady, was stolen from his pocket on Monday morning while getting some letters from the post office in New York. It contained about $2500, including fifteen $100 bills of the United States and other Banks at Philadelphia. Within it, on one of the folds, was inscribed the name and residence of the owner. He offers a reward of $200 for the recovery of the money. It was all his, and his all. He had just disposed of his stock in trade, and came to this city to make a settlement with creditors.

Zephaniah Bouldry was drowned in Taunton on the 19th ult. while in a state of intoxication. He is supposed to have fallen from a bridge in the night, and was found in the river next morning, with two bottles in his pocket nearly filled with liquor.

THE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA PRICE CURRENT.

WHEAT (Red) per bush. fresh waggon	$1 37
RYE	70
CORN, old	56
CORN, new	46
OATS, old	30
OATS, new	28
FLOUR, Penna. (retail)	6 50
FLOUR, Genesee	6 25
BEEF, best cuts	12
BEEF, common	8
PORK, fresh	12
PORK, salted	10
HAMS, sugar cured	12
HAMS, Western, pickled	10
LARD	10
BUTTER, firkin	18
BUTTER, lb. in tubs, per lb.	20
EGGS, per dozen	12½
POTATOES, per bushel	37½
ONIONS, per bushel	50
BEANS, Western, per bu.	1 00
HAY	75
CLOVER SEED	4 00
FLAX SEED	1 25
CORDAGE, Manilla, per lb.	12½
CORDAGE, Tarred	8
FEATHERS	37½
LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.	$14
Do. Scantling	14
Do. Joist	14
Do. Plank	15 to 20

THE MARKET.—But few enquiries for Superfine Flour for export or home consumption, and prices are nominal at $6.50, receipts continue limited, and holders remain firm. Fine Flour is selling at sales at $6 62½ to 6.75, capable of being sent. Very little doing in Corn Meal, and prices are nominal at $3.50 per bbl. Wheat is in better request at late quotations, with sales of 5000 bushels, chiefly prime Red at 137 cts. Rye is in demand at late quotations, with sales of 1000 bushels at 70 cts. Corn is in better demand and rather firmer, with sales of 20,000 bushels, chiefly Southern yellow at 56 cts. Oats are in demand at 30 cts. for Southern, and 28 cts. for Western.

Sales of Public Stocks in this City, May 5.

$5000	United States 6s per cents of 1825	102
1000	Do. Do. Do. Do.	102
1	Mech. Bank of the United States	118
1	Do. Do.	118
1	Do. Do.	118
1	Do. Philadelphia Bank	81
1	Do. Do. Do.	81
1	State Bank at Carlisle	67
1	Do. Do.	67
1	Do. Do.	67
1	Chesapeake and Del. Canal	37 50
1	Do. Do. Do.	37 50
10	Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad	50

Corrected by Solomon Lobman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 84, South Third Street.

Dividends not call'd for Monday.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,	4 per cent.
Bank of Penna.	5
Delaware Mut. Ins. Co.	3
Mechanics' Bank,	4
Schuylkill Bank,	4
Southwark Bank,	4

In the "extreme hill" of the city of Boston, for the ensuing year, will be the following rents—

Many live at an annual rent of	$40,000
Dozens of school houses, first, do.	4,000
Hundreds of shops, second, do. of stp.	2,000
Do. of rum,	1,000
Total for schools in Boston,	$10,000

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 5, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Particulars are requested not to remit silver to us in letters. The postage is frequently nearly equal to the amount enclosed. While the post two weeks we have received three letters, for which we have paid, and have not seen the letters. The postage on the extras, as of course charged to us, is unusual.

HAROLD is welcome.

The letter of the ex-dean unworthy of publication.

ORLO is received, and on file.

"The Widow Bedott" cannot publish.

The articles from Baltimore we shall lay by for consideration.

"Grace and Peace" is received, and on file.

The proposal of a "Rich Man, of Philadelphia," must be for at least "unmistakable drops" before it can receive attention.

We intend publishing on the outer pages of our next paper, a splendid wood engraved view of the apparatus owned by the PHILADELPHIA FIRE COMPANY—considering that it will be also highly interesting to our country subscribers, who will thereby be enabled to form an idea of one of the most useful institutions, than to our city friends, who are so often on Chestnut to admire the skill, the perseverance and bravery, of the gentlemen attached to the Fire Department. The text will be accompanied by an interesting sketch of the origin, progress, and present state of the Fire Department. The engraving is from a view of Mr. Geo. White, a young artist whose works give great promise of future celebrity.

Provision of all kinds is remarkably high.—Butter has been, selling in New York, at fifty cents per pound—Beef at 37½, 40 and 45 cts.—beef brings 12½ cents per pound, and other meats high in proportion. Vegetables are extremely scarce, and consequently command a high price. Salmon of a fine size, is still per cent.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

The sphere of biography is generally too circumscribed to include the names of those persons who have finished for a brief but brilliant period among the objects of life, and then sunk into the tomb which engulfs all the past, one present but little remembered, and less in honour the great mass of mankind. The examples of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and a few others of the heroes of biography, cannot move the sympathies of the multitude, because they are not the representatives of the people, and because we may be their interest in the talented, aspiring, and unfortunate, but they are not of us, and which will raise the depressed and unfortunate, and fix them in their natural sphere in the rightful level. Industry, economy, prudence, and perseverance, are virtues which will lead to prosperous and happy; and it would be well if the biography of the industrious, economical, and provident examples, could more frequently occupy the attention of the public, than that of the ambitious and the haughty children of fortune. It cannot but incite the despairing, encourage the weak, subdue the strong, and teach to the wealthy, teach moderation and benevolence.

Stephen Girard was born in the vicinity of Bordeaux, in the year 1750, and was, like his kind from his parents nothing, save the common heritage of existence, received but a scanty and narrow education—a circumstance to which he ascribes the success of his after life, and the faults of others, may perhaps be ascribed. At the early age of 20 or 21 years, he left his native for the West Indies, as a cabin boy; and after a few years, he became master of a vessel, and commenced trade on his own account. In this line he continued to sail as cabin boy and supercargo for the United States, and to the West Indies, and finally established himself in Philadelphia, where he has since resided. In all these conditions he showed considerable talents and enterprise—and the errors which some became his, not only never led him, but he was necessary was generally successful, to an extent almost unparalleled. In the various adventures which at this time he was enabled to make, he was unfortunately successful, and the consequence was he of his lucky star, that he never conceived the probability of misfortune, and never made any provision or effort to guard against it, or to render them certain. In the year 1776, he was married to Miss Lumbert, who had established herself as business in Water street, but was then then reputed a thriving man. His wife was a woman of good family, and of considerable fortune, and she, in representation by a respectable friend of ours, who knew her intimately, as by no means destitute either of personal or mental attractions. Her charms attracted the attention of the merchant, and they were soon he married her. The match however was unfortunate. The temper of Girard was severe and irascible, and but little open to those gentle and endearing qualities which are the charms of the sex. They frequently differed, sometimes as it would seem, on trifling matters, and on one occasion Girard, several years of the beginning seem left the camp to see Girard's bedroom in a state of confusion, and his wife's dress disordered and passed an opportunity of inserting a severe reflection. Girard was provoked, and a bottle of bottled liquor was one. While Girard's wife was in a state of insensibility, he poured out the liquor, and thinking that the cherry bits of the bottle would be useful to his wife, he poured out that Girard was willing to pay, watched his opportunity, and when Girard was out of the room, he poured the bottle into the bottle, and then informed her husband of the insult. Girard immediately left his home determined to challenge her, when every preparation for the burial had been completed, and the body of his wife was laid in the coffin. Her husband was but little to be found, and was sent for; and when he arrived, the plain coffin of the deceased was exchanged for one of the most splendid description, in profound silence.—The body was then conveyed to the grave, followed by Mr. Girard, who, after the last engagement of the Institution. After a silence of some minutes, Girard, with his usual energy, arose—and was the first silent pause ceased. Girard then bent over the coffin, took from his pocket a small key, which he opened with, for a minute; then, leaving the key in the coffin, returned to Mount St. Mary's, "well," and immediately returned home."

In 1793, he took a share in the purchase of a cargo of stores and dwellings in Water street, north of Market street, for the sum of $30,000, about this time in partnership with his brother John, who had established himself in New York, and who died in the year 1796, leaving a widow and children, until 1799, when, in consequence of their request, Girard went to New York, and settled their affairs. Girard was worth only $30,000, so gradual was the increase of his property, that he was not aware of the race of wealth became more rapid—every thing he touched seemed to prosper. His enterprises were always crowned with success, and by his good fortune. He still continued in the line of trade, in partnership with Mr. Nicholas, in which he had two vessels; and which continued to be successful. Girard was now rapidly rising to city, until the breaking out of the insurrection in St. Domingo, when he lost by the failure of some houses in that island a considerable sum. In the panic and horror of the moment, Girard was about to close his doors and suspend his property, and valuable property, and surrendering his assignment to his creditors. In this emergency,

THE OLIO

O quietly get, and kindly hear,
Produces the blessings we impart.

THE OLD CHERRY.
Or, The Husband only fit to be Raised.
BY ORLANDO.

Young Sarah, the farmer, had a pale wife,
Who was not the mother of children five;
Three of whom were living, and two were dead,
One with whom Satan had in him fled;
And then a farmer had Sarah hired,
And with a farmer then Sarah stayed.
The farmer's wife was a pleasant dame,
She liked Sarah well but was not the same,
For, if he was absent on work, she'd see
To give her food and drink and tea;
Talking to her, and as he was absent
She'd not be cross, but was pleasant.
But when the farmer was present, she'd say,
"Well, "To-wit to-woo give me leave to speak."
The farmer he would then nothing say,
But let his wife have her own way.
And then the farmer would say to Sarah,
He said, "But the next Tuesday ours would show
That we'd a cherry tree in full blow,
When the wife of the farmer to me said,
"I was fond of cherries, so I was afraid,
And on his knees then he fell down,
And on his knees then he begged pardon.
He asked me if I'd go with him,
He asked me if I'd go with him,
"I'll pass over the dry ground,
"I'll pass over the dry ground,
"I'll pass over the dry ground